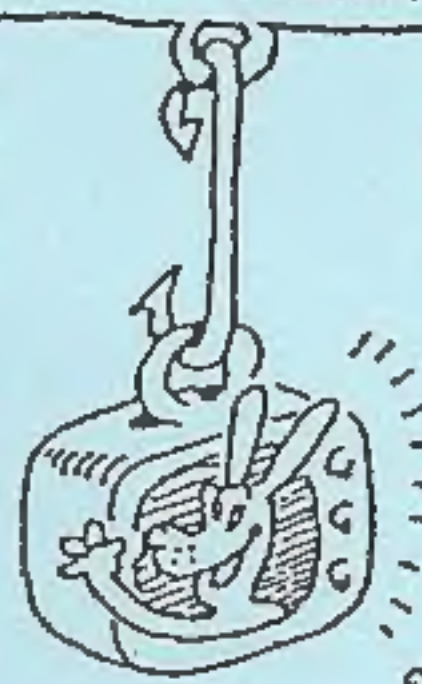


STARK RAVING SKIN

TRUTH TO TELL, HE WAS A WIMP.



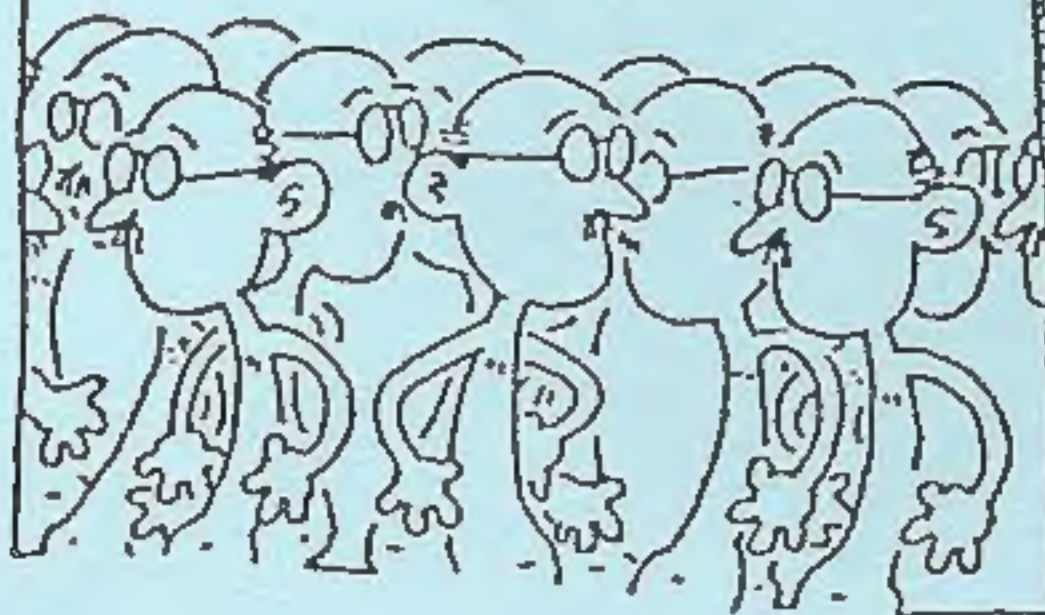
LIKE MOST OF US, ALL HE WANTED WAS SECURITY AND A COLOR TV...



THIS AM THE LIFE!



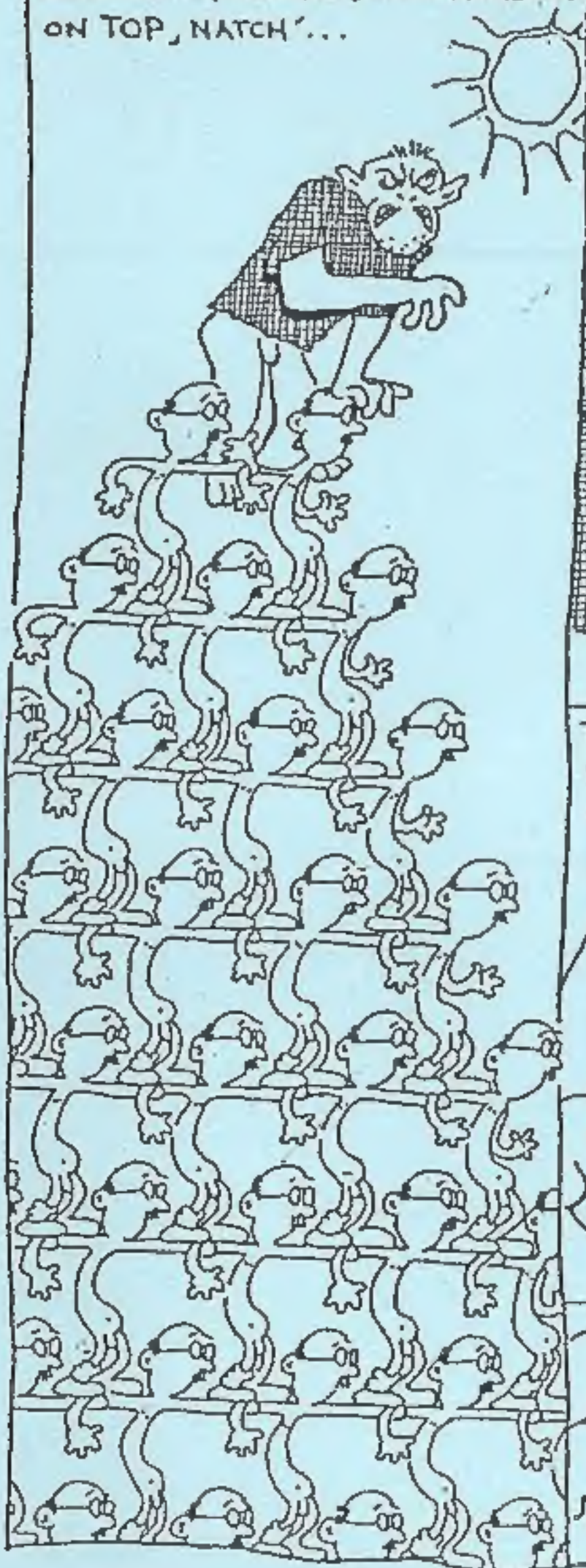
BUT HE LIVED IN A VERY TIGHT PLACE WITH LOTS OF OTHER WIMPS.



THE TOP BANANA IN THIS VERY TIGHT PLACE WAS NOT A WIMP. HE WAS A RUTHLESS, BULLYING, MEAN BAD ASS BASTARD!! HE ALSO NEVER SAID "PLEASE" OR "THANK YOU."



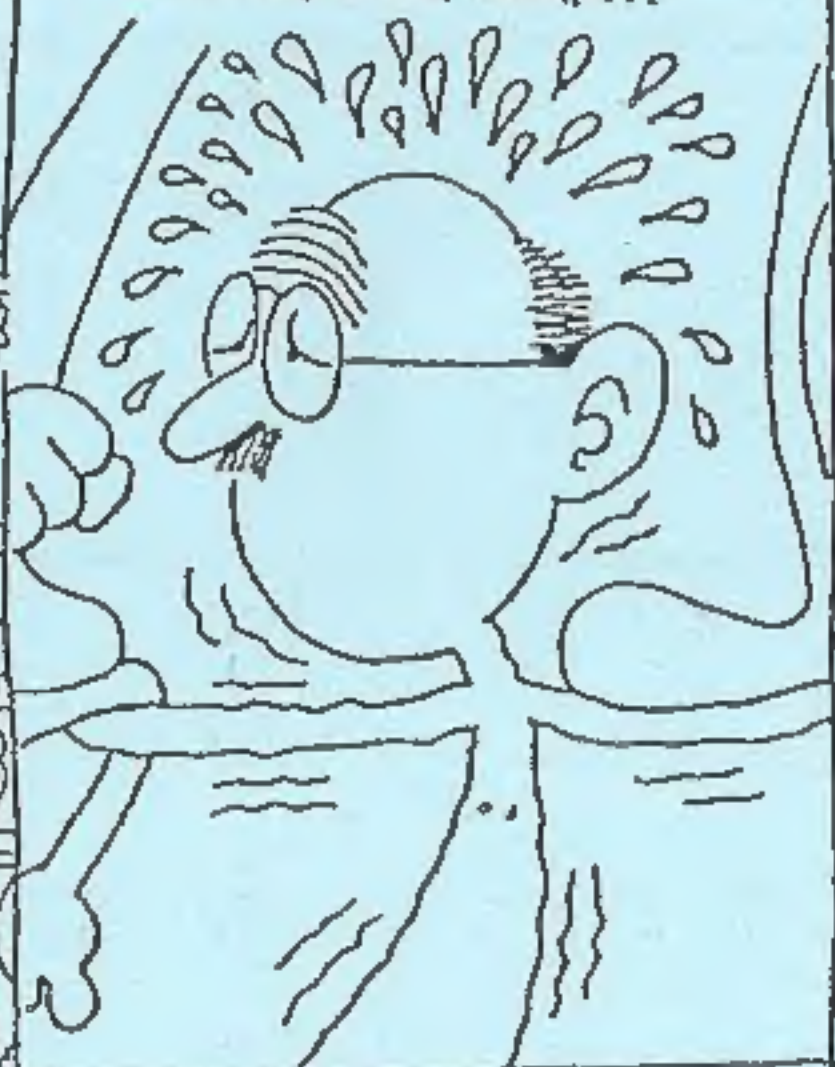
EVERY DAY HE WOULD ORDER
ALL THE WIMPS TO FORM A
HUMAN PYRAMID, WITH HIMSELF
ON TOP, NATCH'...



AND EVERY DAY HE WOULD TAKE
A BITE OUT OF THE SUN...



THE WIMPIEST OF THE WIMPS
WERE AT THE BOTTOM, INCLUDING,
OF COURSE, OUR WIMP...



ONE DAY HE GOT TIRED OF IT. SO
IT STARTED BY BEING AN
ASS-KISSER...

YOU WIMPS
ARE SHRIMPS!

YESSIR!
YESSIR!

SMACK!
SMACK!



...THEN A BROWN-NOSER...

YOU WIMPS LIMP
LIKE GIMPY PIMPS!
...OR BLIMPY CHIMPS!

COULDN'T
AGREE MORE,
SIR!



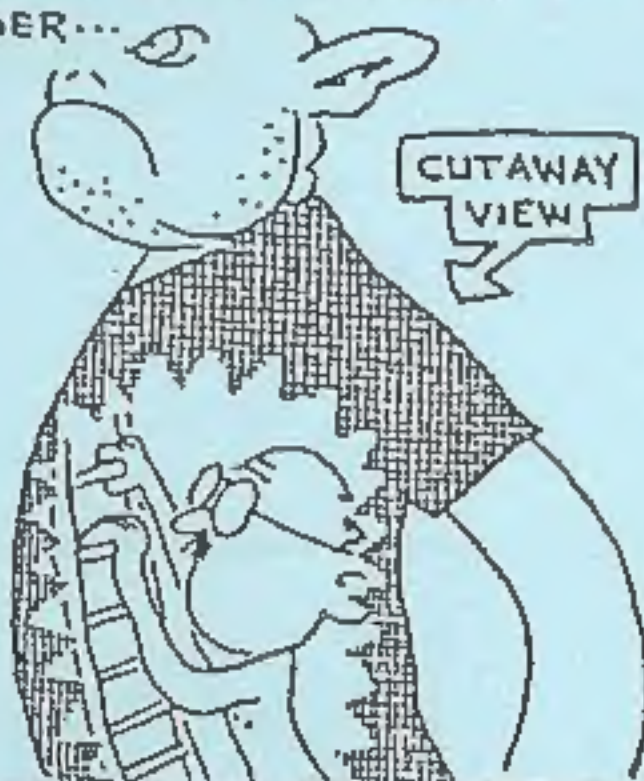
...AND THEN A TOTAL SHITHEAD!

THERE'S A SIMPLE
PIMPLE IN THE
DIMPLE OF EVERY
WIMP!

SIMPER...
WHIMPER...



EVERY DAY HE PROGRESSED UP THE
LADDER...



...UNTIL HE FINALLY BECAME NOT
ONLY THE MOUTHPIECE, BUT THE
VOICE ITSELF!

ATTEN-HUT!
FRONT AND
CENTER!



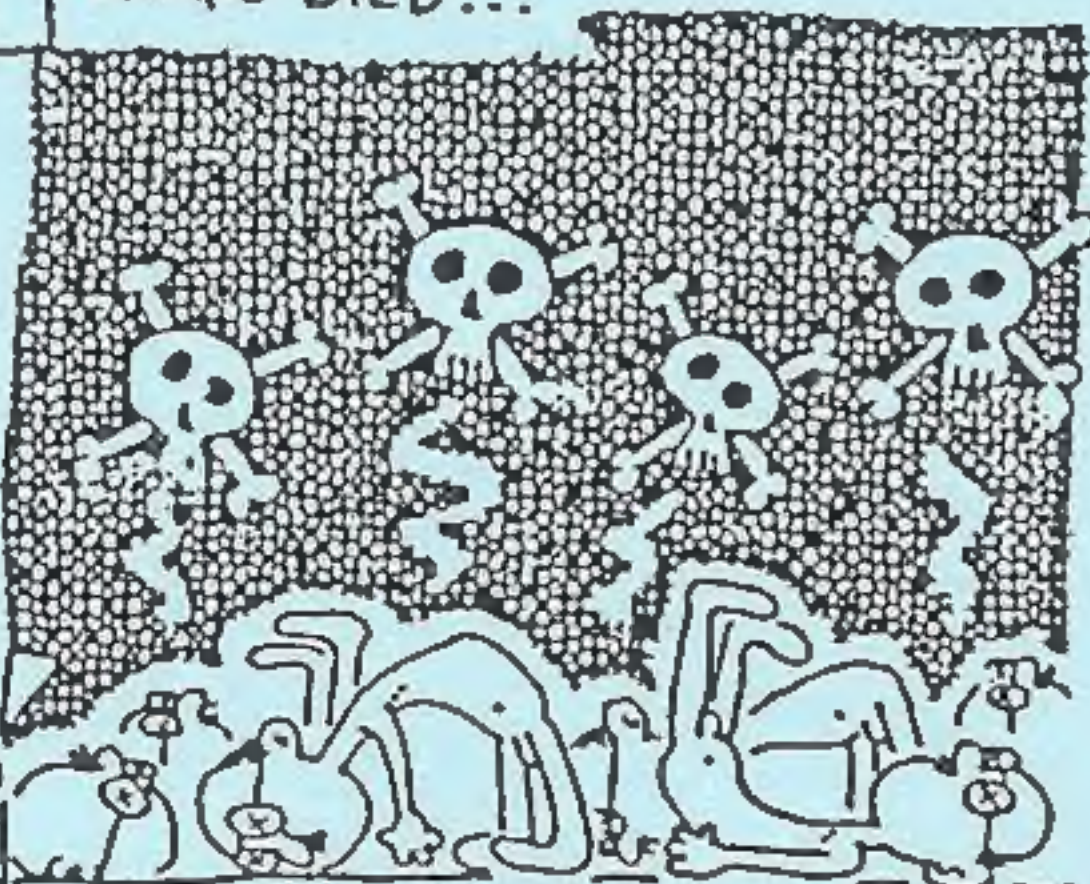
... SHEDDING THE SKIN, SKINNING
THE HEADS OF THE WIMPS AS HE
CLIMBS TO THE SUN...



GREEDHEAD HE WAS, FRENETICALLY
FEEDING HIS FACE WITH THE
FIERY SUN, EATING THE WHOLE
SHEBANG ...



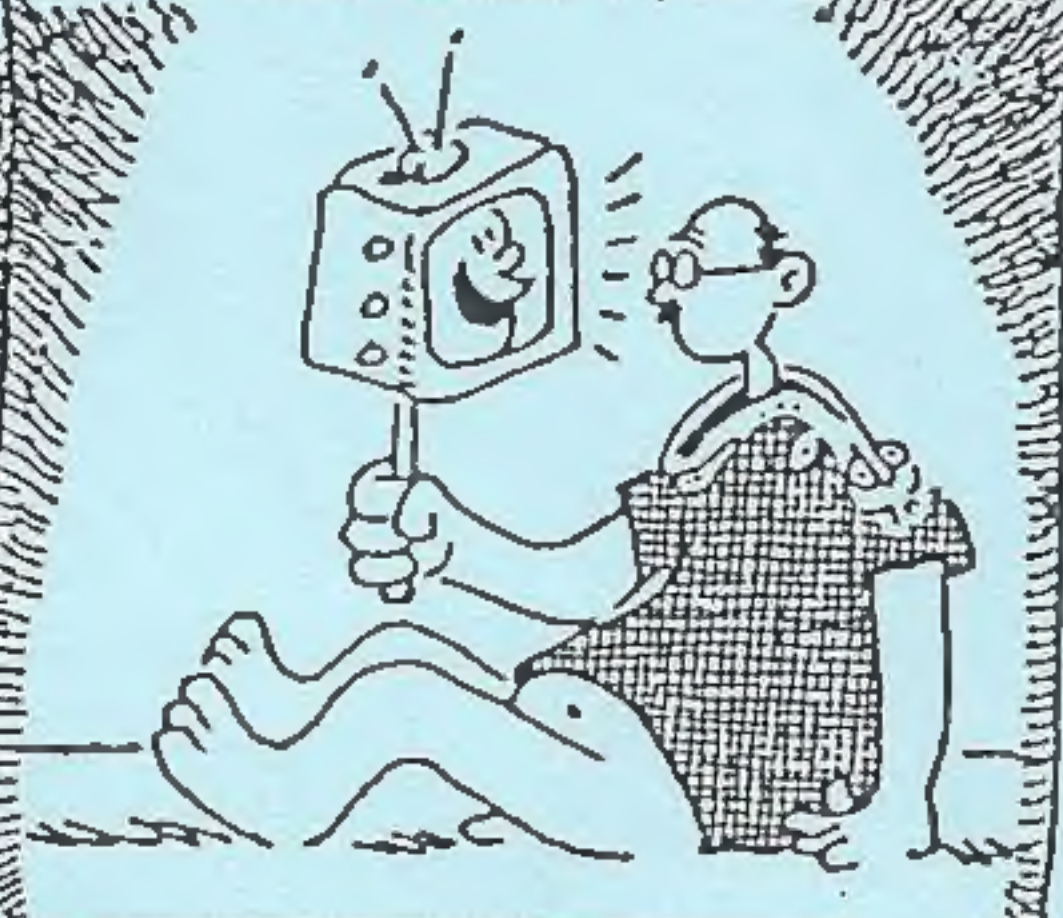
THE TIGHT PLACE WAS FILLED
WITH DARKNESS. ALL THE
WIMPS DIED ...



BUT OUR WIMP LIVED ON. THE
SUN IN HIS BELLY GAVE HIM AN
UGLY ULCER ...



... ALL HE DID WAS SIT AROUND
AND WATCH COLOR TV ...



... AND DEEP DOWN HE KNEW ... HE WAS STILL ... A WIMP.

